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THE VOICE OF A SONG AND OTHER VERSES

THE VOICE OF A SONG

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

GEORGE HENRY SPEASE

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No 1

TO FANNIE

Here also are both facts and fancies

These little songs have come too late
For friends, now gone, to hear;
Some passed in youth, while still I wait
Life's closing, year by year.
I know the frost is in my hair
And has been there for long,
Yet, let me hope, though age I wear,
That youth lives in my song.

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THE VOICE OF A SONG AND OTHER VERSES

I

THE VOICE OF A SONG

Only a little song,
I seek the light and air.
Though life be short or long
Some truth my measures bear.

Shall these few verses flow
To sing of war and fame?
Of "battles long ago"
And laud some hero's name?

What shall I sing that you
May take me to your heart —
Old love? Or love that 's new? —
In words of artless art?

Be mine the mystic power,
The charm that comes and goes
Like that of some sweet flower —
A violet or rose.

If beauty here shall fail,
If joy, or grief, is not,
What else can then avail ?
My voice shall be forgot.

SIMPLE WORDS

Simple words in lyrics old
  Once were quite the fashion.
They the tenderest thoughts have told
  And divinest passion.

Thus they met together then
  On the poet's pages,
When sweet throated Will and Ben
  Sung them for the ages.

THE SPIRAL SHELL

WITHIN this pearl-hued shell
I hear my own pulse beat.
'T is not the ocean's swell,
'T is far more sweet;
The tides of life I hear —
The tides that come and go
Murmur to my own ear
Their ebb and flow.

Here are the waters sweet,
Here are the secret springs,
The waves that softly beat,
The song that sings.
Would that its spiral wall
Could voice the mystic flow,
The rhythms that rise and fall,
That come and go!

SPIRIT OF MORNING CALM

Spirit of morning calm!
  Spirit with dew-wet hair!
Hold my palm to thy palm
  Here in the still fresh air.
Gone are the stars of night;
  They have faded one by one;
The shadows have taken flight;
  The earth waits for the sun.

Sweet is the silence that broods
  Over the first faint glow,
Here in these solitudes,
  Now that the winds are low.
Spirit of morning calm!
  Holiness fills the air;
On my lips is a psalm,
  In my heart is a prayer.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

HARK! A low continuous sound
'Mong the blossoms near the ground.
'T is a hummingbird, alone,
Poised before a flow'r full-blown —
Ruby, emerald, jewel set
In the summer's carcanet —
Just the humming of his wings
For he neither pipes nor sings.
Linnet, lark, may chirp and sing,
He 's no minstrel of the spring.

Can you find his nest? Go, look!
Keenly search each leafy nook —
'Twixt two branches, in a fork,
Is this piece of fairy work.
Almost part of bough and shade,
Small and round and cup-like made,
Tiny lichens on it laid.

He is dainty in his taste
And he flies o'er wild and waste
Into gardens kept with care
Where the blossoms are most fair —
Flow'rs of every form and hue,
Scarlet sage and larkspurs blue,
Trumpet honeysuckles too,
Phlox and vervain — O he 's spry !
In an instant drains them dry !
What he loves he takes and then
In a flash is gone again.

Bit of spectrum, rainbow made,
He may choose from field and glade,
Have his climate all the year,
Ample food and constant cheer.

VIOLET

Dear Violet, as soon, as surely
As spring returns each year,
You come again and then demurely
In purple robes appear!

How fresh your looks, your pure face bending
Your clustered leaves among!
I sometimes wish spring had no ending
And you might stay for long.

The bee goes by you pollen searching,
To other blooms it clings,
And near upon some bare branch perching
The April bluebird sings.

You keep within your spotless bosom
The perfume that 's your dower,
Till Nature sees your dainty blossom
And wets with dew or shower.

And then, O then, your virgin sweetness
  Exhales in April air —
Dear flower, despite the season's fleetness,
  Of love you have your share.

THE BUTTERFLY

On dusty wings
  Through sunlit hours,
In loops and rings
  'Mongst leaves and flowers,

Its small wings part;
  Then slowly meet
Above the heart
  Of posies sweet.

Sun flecked, or white,
  Or saffron pale,
For winds too light,
  For frosts too frail,

It 's round and round
  In sun and shade,
Oft near the ground,
  Till blossoms fade.

A moth, a soul
  That no one knows,
It takes its toll
  And softly goes.

THE SWALLOW

The swallows come with spring,
The woods will soon be green,
How long the winter's been,
But now new life they bring —
O springtide-loving swallow,
You are so fleet of wing!

You fly from out the dew
When skies begin to glow;
You feel the soft fresh flow
Along your wings and through —
O buoyant hearted swallow,
My hopes rise up with you!

You stayed away too long,
You must have quite forgot —
But why I wonder not —
No wintry shadows throng,
O happy, happy swallow!
In lands of love and song.

WHEN DID IT ALL BEGIN?

When did it all begin?
I see the splendid sun:
Around the sun we swiftly spin
And I am only one.

I feel the planet swing,
Its breath falls on my breast,
O what a curve! O what a ring!
The planet cannot rest.

It cradles me to sleep;
It sings among the spheres;
How wonderful the endless deep
That lies beneath the years!

Is it the wind's strong breath
That blows from east to west?
The wind is sometimes still as death,
Then beats in wild unrest.

Through space the planet swings
And space no man doth know:
Our thoughts revolve in countless rings
And can no further go.

THE WIRELESS

"*The Deep-sea Cables*"
KIPLING.

OVER the deep, over the deep,
Under the dark, under the blue,
Over the cables that creep and sleep —
For the sightless wave is true.

The cables are cold, they never see light,
They smell of the salt and slime;
But the wireless, free in its level flight,
Is free as the wings of Time.

The wayward winds may laugh and leap,
They may vex the sea and the shore,
They may rouse the billows and sweep the deep;
The wireless passes them o'er.

It passes them o'er, it silently slips
Between the blue and the foam,
It opens its lips to the stalwart ships
To whisper of land and home.

Shall the wireless carry the ultimate word
To the shores of ultimate dawn,
When the cable's voice shall never be heard? —
The world moves steadily on.

THE SWORD

This is a blade that time endears:
  Some hearts that love it
Would see it drawn; they have no fears
  And fain would prove it.

It has a record; it has led
  The bravest souls to battle,
But now it hangs — its master dead —
  An idle chattel.

'T would clang against a soldier's side,
  'T would gleam and glisten,
Its whisper wake his martial pride,
  For he would listen.

The world at war? The world at peace?
  God speed the latter!
A share? A hook? When wars shall cease
  And armies scatter.

When navies sail the seas no more —
  Brave hearts in song and story!
Who meet amid the battle's roar,
  Defeat or glory.

AN OLIVE BRANCH

If thou hast a warrior's heart
And would stand from men apart,
Test the temper of thy blade,
Forged and hammered, finest made,
Test its temper to defend.
Then may God thy cause befriend,
If thy cause is right and just
And thou dar'st in Him to trust.

Thou in mild scholastic shades,
Whence the light of glory fades,
Where the oracles are found
That the laws of life expound,
Do thou, whispering not, yea, tell
Unto camp and citadel
That peace, long peace, is possible.

Rooted well the ancient vine,
Fastened to the rocks the pine;

And the historic oak doth wave
All its banners bright and brave;
Yea, the palm that shuns the cold
Casts a shadow centuries old
Where the storms of battle rolled;
And the laurel and the bay
Have no withered leaves to-day;
Yet the olive tree may grow
Brighter, greener, than we know.

Hear the mildly spoken word:
"They shall perish by the sword."
Plant the fig and prune the vine,
Round the trellis roses twine.
Athens lives. And Cæsar's Rome
Is not now a martial home.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

O Liberty, what deeds of shame
Have followed in thy hallowed name!
But here at last a nation stands
Beneath thy torch with cleanly hands.

Behold the stars and stripes that wave
Above the land our fathers gave;
Its glorious folds are full of light,
Its glistening stars are ever bright.

Millions have sought its peaceful shade,
And homage to its glory paid,
And millions more shall rise and bless
That symbol of their happiness.

In many a battle's bloody scene
That flag in tatters oft hath been,
But from the smoke and dust it rose
And bade defiance to its foes.

Hail to that flag our fathers bore!
Hail to that banner evermore!
In peace or war its folds unfurled
Shall float for freedom round the world.

FOLLOW THE FLAG

Follow the flag, brave hearts and true!
This beautiful land was made for you;
Make fairer yet its virgin soil,
Make stronger still the hands that toil.
Follow the flag!

Follow the flag, where "sleep the brave,"
For freedom's cause their lives they gave,
And deck with sweetest flow'rs that bloom
Each patriot's grave, each hero's tomb.
Follow the flag!

O pray for peace, but fight the foe
That dares to strike that flag a blow!
Wrapped in its folds, humanity
Dwells in that banner of the free.
Follow the flag!

Mark well the path where honor lies,
In humble deeds or high emprise!

Boast not of pow'r, war not for fame,
But in Jehovah's sacred name
Follow the flag!

Follow Old Glory to the last,
Think of your proud historic past,
Think of the God in whom you trust,
And never let it trail in dust.
Follow the flag!

STILL BEAUTIFUL TO ME

Two stood and faced the chancel rail
  And two stood just beside
And one was for a moment pale
  For she was then the bride.
The years have fled since that fair scene,
  But still the bride I see.
She sits beside me now, serene,
  Still loved and loving me.

She trembles some, as she did then,
  But time and care do this,
And tears drop from her lashes, when
  We speak of those we miss;
For there's the same old tenderness
  That used in youth to be;
And still I find her none the less,
  Less fair and dear to me.

Her roses change to lilies now,
  To lilies wondrous fair,

And over her unwrinkled brow
  The gray shows in her hair;
But angelwise her life goes on,
  As kindly as can be,
And, though that first sweet flush is gone,
  Still beautiful to me.

FROM CUPS THAT HOLD THE DEW

That wine whose vintage is not of earth

He who drinks at morning
From cups that hold the dew
May drink of wine at noonday,
And wine at nightfall too —
His heart shall know no passion
That is not sweet and pure;
Through all life's varied changes
His spirit shall endure.

A SLAVE TO VAIN REGRET

Say farewell to days now gone,
Let them softly fade from view,
There is something further on,
Something better, something new.

He who broods o'er what is past
Learns at length to live and fret,
Till he finds himself at last
But a slave to vain regret.

THE FORM DIVINE

"So God created man in his own image"

If young Apollo from some star
Could view our little world afar,
Then he might see, in sober truth,
Among us here some gentle youth
Whose face and form above all art
Is of himself the counterpart.

Exquisite is the perfect flower
Unfolding in some happy hour,
Its shape, its color to our eyes,
Suggesting flowers of Paradise,
Lovely as when Apollo played
Upon his lyre to field and glade.

Beauty survives, it is not dead,
But unto life on earth is wed.
The hand, that made the flower, hath wrought
His living image with it fraught —
A contour in whose symmetry
The form divine can never die.

ROSE AVENEL

WHERE is pretty Rose Avenel?
Loved by one who painted
Angel faces — Who can tell? —
Pictures of the sainted.

Does she sleep in *Père la Chaise*
Under snow-white marble?
Or down pleasant country ways
Where the wild birds warble?

Monticelli, true to art,
True to each creation,
Felt her love within his heart
Quicken inspiration.

He was constant in his dreams,
All his angel faces
Caught from her their finest gleams,
Show her beauty's traces.

Let us hope when round her tomb
  Summer winds come sighing,
Let us hope the roses bloom
  Where this Rose is lying.

MY FOREBEARS I FACE

My forebears I face
To the first of the race:
Whatever they thought,
Whatever they taught,
Whatever their creed,
I will take what I need.

The dust that they gave
I must take to the grave.
It was theirs, it is mine,
Be it coarse, be it fine.
All else will I choose,
What I want not, refuse —
The clay is God's choice,
The soul has no voice.

What they gave me at birth —
Inherited worth —

I gladly receive;
Yet I feel and believe
I must work and must wait,
I must fashion my fate.

The blood of the tree
Is flowing in me;
I feel the quick stir
Of all that they were;
But kinsman or kind,
To the world I 'm not blind,
Its harvest shall be
A harvest for me.

PURE SPIRIT AM I

PURE spirit am I:
I can see, I can hear,
On the light winds I fly
Unto thee to be near.

By words, what I know,
I cannot reveal,
Nor yet can I show
What I would not conceal.

As the breath of the rose,
Is desire of my own,
And I find no repose —
No rest when alone.

FAREWELL

Where art thou now
  Thou cheerful soul,
Unwrinkled brow,
  That knew no dole,

Whose brain and breast
  Were always true,
Whose friends were best,
  Whose faults were few?

A pleasant part
  Was thine in life;
A fervid heart,
  All free from strife;

A voice whose sound
  Was soft and sweet,
That ever found
  Those words most meet.

Charms flush and fade,
Are earthward cast,
But thou hast made
Their mem'ry last.

Not Fancy's touch,
Nor Art's fine grace,
Can give so much
To time and place.

We live, we die,
Some never tire;
With purpose high
Their souls aspire:

Thrice happy lot,
Tho' oft alone,
They leave us what
We make our own.

'T was thou that went
Thro' many ways
With true content
And sought no praise.

Thy footsteps passed
From peak to peak;

Thy heaven was vast,
  Thy spirit meek.

Well shod was He
  Who there clasped hands
And walked with thee
  Thro' sunlit lands.

Why shed sad tears,
  Now thou art gone?
Thou 'rt with thy peers,
  Thy soul lives on.

FEW KNOWN TO FAME

No, they never can return,
Sealed and silent is each urn.

Pilgrims are we to a shrine,
Dust of yours and dust of mine.

It has ever been the same,
Merely age and merely name:

These are left us and we bring
Votive garlands, sorrowing.

Long the sands of time have run,
Yet to-day they are not done.

Hour by hour the caravan
To the dead march marches on.

Gather up, but who can weigh
What is left of lifeless clay?

Rear the shaft and carve the name,
Few, how few, are known to fame!

IS THY SPIRIT WISE AND TRUE?

Is thy spirit wise and true?
Then thy hand shall work anew,
Find no barrier and no bar,
That shall hold thee from afar.

Thou may'st mould, and make thine own
Out of wood or iron or stone,
Gather atoms in thy net,
In the sky thy small lamp set.

All around us unseen guides
Wait to pilot winds and tides,
Wait to lead us everywhere
Through the earth, the sea and air.

Build, unbuild; make, unmake;
Though the earth itself shall quake,
This the stoutest hearts shall do,
That the old may change to new.

Thanks be unto that great Power
That brings change to every hour,
Warms the pulse with hidden fire,
Bids us grasp our own desire.

What hath nerved the active brain?
Centuries of toil and pain:
And mind to mind shall linkéd be
Through time, perhaps eternity.

A STAR

Thou art simply a star
  That is steadfast and bright,
And I watch thee afar
  Through the shadows of night.

Just a star, only one,
  Set where myriads show,
As the centuries run,
  To twinkle and glow.

ROSES

O SWEET benignant roses,
As bud by bud uncloses,
  You drink the best of earth!
Thro' all your rootlets flowing,
You feel the thrill of growing —
  Your beauty makes your worth.

The strength is in your being,
The perfume you are freeing
  Is unction to the air;
With what is sweet 't is mingled,
Yet by the senses singled,
  That find it everywhere.

No lips you have for speaking,
No power to gain by seeking,
  And yet the world is yours.
From zone to zone you wander,
While hearts with love grow fonder,
  The love that still endures.

The winds may come and find you,
The frosts in Autumn bind you
  That spoil the Autumn bloom;
But with remembered blisses,
Of fragrant wind-blown kisses,
  You fade and find your tomb.

A MOUNTAIN FLOWER

Her home is in a palace
  Whose walls are marble white,
Her drink is from a chalice
  That brims with rosy light;
Her breath is sweet as roses
  And there she dwells alone,
From Spring till Autumn closes,
  In beauty all her own.

Unto the sky she's nearer
  Than all her kindred are,
She glimpses heaven clearer,
  Tho' heaven seems so far.
Her breath is sweet as roses,
  But fainter far than they,
And in her heart reposes
  Perfection's purity.

WEDDING BELLS

HARK! to the wedding bells,
Joyfully rung!
Each with its music tells
Hearts are still young.

Forth from their vibrant throats
Comes the clear sound;
All of their tuneful notes
Heard the world round.

Age thinks of youth again,
Ofttimes with tears,
Tears to the old refrain,
Heard in past years;

Odors of orange flowers,
Hopes fresh and fair,
Visions of happy hours
Untouched by care.

How they reverberate!
Every note tells
Hearts are with joy elate —
Love's bridal bells.

VIVA THE MAY

Why should we sorrow
O'er what is past,
Things that were fairest,
Too fair to last?
This has been ever,
Skies that are gray
Let us forget them —
Viva the May!

Life has its Springtime,
Autumn comes too,
Leaves slowly ripen,
Flow'rs fade from view,
Sweet things and bitter,
'T is the world's way,
All go together —
Viva the May!

Once we were youthful,
Not long ago,

Now drifting o'er us
  Falls the first snow.
Let it remind us
  Just its own way,
Youth is behind us —
  Viva the May!

We have had trouble,
  We have had care,
Every one living
  Gets his own share;
Health and good spirits
  Drive care away,
Joy 's an elixir —
  Viva the May!

Sweet was the Maytime —
  Rose, daffodil —
Life was worth living,
  Hearts were athrill.
Give us the myrtle,
  Bright as the bay,
Life's early roses —
  Viva the May!

BALLADE OF A SUN DIAL

"I count only the shining hours"

WHERE fountains tossed their spray
  And mists were soft and white,
Your sun dial, day by day,
  Once told of time's quick flight;
In gardens fair and bright
  Where bloomed Italian flowers,
While on it laid the light,
  It marked the shining hours.

Ere Medici's array
  Of pomp and wealth and might
Had passed from earth away,
  His splendor gone from sight,
Ere they who dwelt bedight
  In marble halls and towers
Had seen the shadows smite,
  It marked the shining hours.

While kingdoms felt the sway
  Of armies fresh from fight
And saw their walls turn gray,
  Their fame fall from its height
Through fortune's bitter spite —
  The hand that spoils and cowers —
From out the dews of night
  It marked the shining hours.

ENVOY

Princess, what recks the plight
  Of glories gone? The showers,
The zephyrs cast no blight —
  It marked the shining hours.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN

RONDEL

He looks at the world through his glasses,
They 're always astride of his nose;
An old-fashioned man — as he passes —
I see they are old-fashioned "bows";
His hat is quite worn, for it shows,
His coat is as green as the grasses;
He looks at the world through his glasses,
They 're always astride of his nose.

They say that some wealth he amasses,
With many it doubles and grows;
He smiles at the lads and the lasses —
Ah, down in his heart is the rose!
He looks at the world through his glasses,
They 're always astride of his nose.

LOVE AND LORE

Sweetheart, your gentle looks
I find in all my books,
Wit, wisdom, may beguile
Me for a little while,
Then, 'twixt the pages seen,
You come between.
Foolish, I know, am I
Such things to versify,
But here, where wit and sage
Have glorified each page,
What else? For love and lore
Commingle more and more.

II

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMASTIDE

I HEAR the bells of Christmastide,
The heavens with beauty glow,
I think of Him who lived and died
Long centuries ago.
How few the listening shepherds were
Who heard the angels sing!
How few the wise who saw his star
And sought their new-born king!

What recks it now? His passion's past!
The child was child alone;
The Prince came to his own at last
And sits upon his throne.
How cold, how clear, the Christmas air!
The twinkling stars how bright!
The wise are wiser than they were,
There's joy on earth to-night.

THAT GLORIOUS CHOIR

Could I have heard that song
  Ere dawned that splendid morn,
That song the stars together sung,
  When Christ was born,
I should have stood enrapt —
  Each star a wondrous key,
Touched by the great Creator's hand
  To melody.

Since then that glorious choir
  Has been as still as death ;
In vain we listen for one sound,
  Comes not a breath.
Fair as they were that night
  As radiant are they now,
And yet less radiant than the rays
  Above Christ's brow.

They sang ! The angels sang !
  The planets round the sun !

The stars unto the last faint sphere —
  And nearest one!
Perhaps those choristers
  Shall sing as sweet a strain,
When He shall gather in his saints
  And o'er them reign.

GENTLE SPIRIT

Stay, gentle Spirit, stay!
Keep near me, close beside!
'T is easy here to stray,
The world is wide.
Strange paths oft cross our own,
We know not where they lead,
O leave me not alone,
'T is Thee I need.

Stay, gentle Spirit, stay!
The distance is not far
Where lies that silent way
And shadows are.
Soon I shall enter there
And light no longer see,
Hear Thou my last low prayer
And comfort me.

TO CALVARY

I FOLLOW Thee to Calvary,
Do Thou my footsteps guide!
I follow Thee to Calvary,
Where Thou wert crucified.
But since that dark and dreadful day
Long centuries have fled
And now upon the peaceful way
There 's holy light instead.

The Christian martyrs fell beside
Thy cross, when they were slain.
For Thee, dear Lord, they nobly died
And did not die in vain.
They followed Thee to Calvary,
'Twixt fire and sword they trod,
They followed Thee triumphantly
From Calvary to God.

'T is not the way of sorrows now,
A radiant cross stands there.

The crown of thorns that pierced thy brow
Thou dost no longer wear.
I follow Thee to Calvary,
My days will soon be past,
O Lord of Sorrows, let me be
Found near that cross at last!

MIRACULOUS BREAD

They gathered the fragments of bread
  Where the multitude sat down and ate —
The multitude, hungered and fed,
  As the long day grew late.
It was sweet as sweet manna to all,
  And the fragments forever remain,
For nothing was lost howe'er small,
  And they saved not in vain.

It is long since those spiritual hands
  Were lifted to bless the great feast,
And scattered in far-away lands
  Are the fragments increased,
While the Master continues to bless
  The feast for his followers spread
With the fragments, that never grow less,
  Of miraculous bread.

THE SPIRIT SPEAKS

Thou hast not always done my will,
Hast been unruly,
And yet I know I love thee still
And tell thee truly.

We cannot look unblushingly
To God above us
And as we look believe that He
Will quite approve us.

Whate'er to-day thy lips confess,
Though far from saintly,
He will respond to our distress
Though murmured faintly.

Ask not for harp or star or crown,
These are won dearly;
But that the Master may look down
Upon us, merely.

Some day thou shalt lie in the dust,
Nay, do not fear it,
For thou art mortal and thou must,
And I am spirit.

Our comradeship is not in vain;
The clay-carved prison
Shall give thee unto me again,
For "Christ is risen."

Thou hast a contour full of grace —
A form ideal,
Its outlines now no eye can trace,
They seem not real.

But "raised in honor" we shall meet
No more to sever
And in that contour made complete
Be one forever.

III

MEMORIAL OF THY GRACE

Beauty and worth should dwell in song —
How sweet that song should be!
Here then I fear to do thee wrong
Who art admired by me;
But know, 't is my desire,
Who can'st my praise inspire,
To make this little space
Memorial of thy grace.

THE SONGS SHE SINGS

These are the songs she sings
With music in her voice,
Oft sad and tender things
Her own heart's choice.

No proud exultant strain,
No note of deep despair,
No hopeless grief or pain,
Nor dreams that were.

Here sings "A Withered Rose,"
To her a flower unknown;
No faded blooms she knows,
Fresh flowers alone.

But O these simple airs,
That tenderest thoughts express!
Her very voice is theirs,
All tenderness.

ONE WHO FADED FROM VISUAL REMEMBRANCE

One face remembered not,
One voice that 's quite forgot;
  How strange and yet how true!
O she to me was dear,
But that 's been many a year;
  She 's lost to memory's view.

No portrait of her face,
No limning of her grace,
  Do I possess to-day.
A phantom now she seems
That flits across my dreams —
  Alas, that will not stay!

ONE FORGET-ME-NOT

Bring the morning's sweetest flowers
Now she lies at rest,
Lay them with a tender hand
On her maiden breast.

How she loved them! While she lived
Flowers were at her side,
And she breathed their fragrances
Gently, when she died.

Bring her roses, as her cheeks
Were their every hue;
Violets, to match her eyes,
Dripping with the dew.

Could she whisper, she would say:
Friends, ye have forgot,
On my bosom kindly lay
One forget-me-not.

ARE YOU SLEEPING YET?

SWEETHEART, are you sleeping yet?
  Are you sleeping low and lone
'Neath this flowerful coverlet,
  Guarded by this lettered stone?
Or have angels taken you
  Where their kindred spirits dwell,
Where all hearts are pure and true?
  Oh, that your sweet voice might tell!

Here among the silent dead,
  While the stars above are bright,
Here where prayers are often said,
  Can you hear me say good-night?
Dear one, for one moment wake,
  While I whisper my regret,
Say good-night for love's own sake —
  Sweetheart, are your sleeping yet?

NO SADNESS IN THE STARS

THERE is no sadness in the stars
That twinkle, twinkle, through the night,
They seem so spiritual, near, yet far
And are not lifeless in their light —
Twinkling, twinkling through the night.

I think of one whom we call dead
Somewhere among those stars in space,
Her eyes filled with soft spiritual light,
A heavenly beauty on her face,
In all the glory of her grace.

LITTLE BROOK

O LITTLE brook, O little brook,
  O take this flow'r from me
And bear it to the river's tide
  And downward to the sea!

O little flow'r, O little flow'r,
  O do not fear to go!
The little brook will sing to you,
  Far sweeter than you know.

The little brook will sing to you,
  And on the river's breast,
Borne downward to the distant sea,
  There, find a place of rest.

O little brook and river wide
  And little flow'rs of song,
How many tender hopes and dreams
  Have gone with you along!

WHEN LOVE DEPARTS

When love departs
From human hearts,
  Old age comes on apace —
With footsteps slow
Doth wavering go
  To seek some quiet place.

As fountains fail
When frosts prevail
  And brooklets flow no more,
The spirit 's mute —
A silent lute —
  The best of life is o'er.

IV

UNITY

How strange! It is all in my heart:
I feel we are one;
Of the whole I am part;
The summer, the sun,
The tree, the leaf and the bird,
Whatever is seen or is heard.

In a moment how sweet is the bliss,
Though a mystery hides in it all
From Nature's first breath unto this —
Unto this her last call.
In an instant it seems
The very perfection of dreams.

The seeker is sought and is found,
The mystery always eludes;
We may search, but the boundary 's bound
And silence o'er-broods.
Can you seek it and find it? Not I.
Vain, vain to ask why.

SONG OF THE VIOLET

I BRING to earth when first I come
The promise of the Spring,
When hungry bees begin to hum
And birds begin to sing.

I bear no secret in my breast —
I ask for little room —
From frozen dew and dreamless rest
I simply bud and bloom.

How sweet the murmured sound that came
With April's sun and rain,
That softly called me by my name
And bade me rise again!

O joyful life, to once more look
Upon the azure sky,
To hear the song of bird and brook
And whisp'ring winds go by,

To wake once more from wintry sleep —
  That sleep so near to death —
And then to slowly upward creep
  With faintly quickened breath,

To live to be a purple flow'r —
  A blossom sweet and small —
And by some strangely mystic pow'r
  To win the love of all!

THE FIRST OF MAY

Farewell to March and April,
And thanks for this bright day,
What heart cannot be happy
Upon the first of May?

The woods are full of blossoms,
The winds are fast asleep,
The frost has left the dewdrops,
The grasses crowd and creep.

At dawn I heard the robins,
The dawn was nearly dark;
Then just before the sun rose
The redbird and the lark.

Now all the birds are singing;
The days are warm and long;
But the throstle waits for twilight
To sing a vesper song.

Farewell to March and April,
And thanks for this bright day!
'T was worth the winter-waiting
To live to see the May.

MIST

At dawn all things were dripping wet
  And now how sweet the air!
The sun is slowly coming up,
  The sky is fair.

Ethereal vapor — scent and dew —
  'T is thine to spiritualize
The hills and vales, ere thou dost reach
  The cloudless skies!

Go, slow-ascending vaporous mist,
  Seek thou the heavens again!
Aquarius waits to fill his urn
  And bring the rain.

DEW

Behold this miracle of dew!
  This perfect little sphere!
It holds the morning sky's pale blue
  And all the world that 's near.

An emerald on a tender blade,
  A sapphire on a straw,
A diamond, in a moment made,
  Without a fault or flaw.

THE STATELY BEECH

On the northern hills the beech tree grows,
And it stands full leaved in May.
A pleasant shadow it downward throws,
And its limbs are a silvery grey.

No brighter dress has another tree
That stands in the forest wild;
Of all the trees it is dear to me,
For I loved it when a child.

When the leaves in Autumn change their hue,
As the Autumn days grow cold,
It brightens the woods with beauty new
In its mingled green and gold.

The oak soon turns to a burnished brown,
To a fiery red the gum,
And the poplar's leaves come fluttering down,
Ere the frosts of Autumn come.

O the lordly oak is a grand old tree
And its boughs are large and strong,
But the lordly oak is not for me,
And the beech shall have my song.

MY NATIVE STREAM

My dear, dear, native stream!
Flowing through the little vale,
In the sunlight, in the starlight,
In the moonlight pale;
Running into soft repose,
Where the elm and sycamore
Throw their shadows on the water
And upon the shore;

Rippling into music sweet
O'er its shallow, pebbly bed;
Winding through the fields and meadows,
By the brooklets fed.
There how often, when a boy,
While my thoughts were light of wing,
I have wandered and have listened
To it plash and sing.

And when days were long and warm,
Underneath those giant trees

Spirit there with nature blended
In those silences;
Just the lisping of the leaves
Or the song of some near bird
With the murmur of its flowing
Were the sounds I heard.

Mighty rivers I have seen
In the east and in the west,
But it is this little streamlet
That I love the best.
How my pulses leaped with joy!
O the pleasure that it gave,
When its waters closed around me
As I sought its wave!

Comes a vision of that stream
With the hills and woodlands round!
And the vision has a glory,
Never elsewhere found;
For the grass is always green,
For the bloom is never shed,
And the songbirds in the branches
From them never fled.

Comes a vision of that stream
In the pleasant days of old

With the faces that have vanished
Like a dream that 's told !
But the stream keeps flowing still
As it did in days of yore,
And I love it and I hear it
Ripple evermore.

THE WINTRY LAWN

Looking downward from my window
On the lifeless wintry lawn,
Grass and leaves lie brown and withered,
And the flowers among them gone.
These were mingled with the grasses,
Sprung from vagrant wind-blown seeds,
Some so delicate and dainty
'T were a sin to call them weeds.

Poor neglected waifs of fortune,
Wanderers into foreign lands;
Never worn upon a bosom,
Seldom touched by tender hands.
Is it true they have no feeling?
No emotions of their own?
No deserving joy, when blooming?
No lament, when left alone?

On the greensward tendril-tangled
Bloomed the wild convolvulus,

Dandelions with golden haloes,
Countless in their overplus.
Mallows flecked with red, half-hidden,
Azure blooms, that came at dawn,
And that small blue cup that closes
When its drop of dew is gone.

All these blossoms I remember,
Even the sorrel's star of gold,
Bright among its trefoil leaflets,
Thriving in the poorest mold.
These were not the flowers of fragrance,
These were not the flowers of pride,
But to fondly look upon them
Many times I 've turned aside.

THE SPIRIT OF A SONG

Just above my open window
Sits a bird upon a tree,
Where the green leaves touch the lattice,
And he blithely sings to me.

And he seems to be so happy,
As he sings his little song,
That his notes within me waken
Pleasant fancies in a throng.

But perhaps he pipes his music
To his mate who sits above
And who listens in the shadows
To the rapture of his love.

While behind my folded curtain,
List'ning to his melody,
I may think his runs and catches
And his trills are meant for me;

For I 've often found, while passing
Through this "dear old world" along,
I may share, though meant for others,
All the spirit of a song.

ZEPHYRUS

Thou art milder far than Boreas;
Often he is rough and rude,
Often long and loth to leave us,
When he comes in angry mood.
He it is who strikes the giants
Of the forest to the ground,
Heaps the snowdrifts, drives the tempest,
While his trumpets loudly sound.

Thou it is who lov'st to wander
With the bees the flow'rs among,
In and out among the bushes,
Where the spider's webs are strung;
Up among the clustered branches,
Where the scarlet cherries grow,
Whisp'ring lightly to the leaflets,
As they rustle to and fro.

It is thou who lov'st to follow,
Close behind the little swarm

Of the filmy wingèd insects,
When the days are bright and warm;
But thou mov'st so very gently,
That the frailest gossamer
Could not by thy touch be broken,
When in air thou art astir.

Thou canst bring us fresh from Flora,
From her blooms their fragrancies—
Rose and mignonette and lily,
Eglantine and more than these.
Zephyrus, 't is we who love thee!
Now the summer days are here,
Bring us from the fields and woodlands
All the sweetness of the year.

BLUETS

Tiny little ladies,
  Sweet and shy and trim,
Standing where the shade is
  'Neath a green-wood limb,
Here in groups together,
  Whisp'ring, I suppose,
In the springtide weather,
  But of what — who knows?

Often I have sought you
  In the early spring,
Now perhaps have caught you
  Idly gossiping.
What it is you 're saying
  Cannot be so bad,
While the world is Maying
  And the earth is glad;
While the brook's bright spirit
  Bubbles o'er with song

And the zephyrs near it
Play together long.

Soon I shall come hither
In the fading May,
When you droop and wither,
As you pass away.
But at summer's portal,
In this quiet place
You have cheered a mortal
With your modest grace.

THE HILLSIDE BROOK

I WALK beside the hillside brook,
I spring across and downward look,
I watch it bubble on between
The banks that wall the deep ravine.

Here suddenly it seeks the light,
There under brake it hides from sight,
It foams, it struggles and it falls
From stony ledges 'tween the walls.

Upward I walk, oft crossing it,
Until beside its source I sit —
A gushing spring, whose waters flow
Down to the meadows far below.

BUTTERCUP

Born in yellow sunshine,
Christened by the dew,
I 'm a little buttercup,
Looking up at you.

Stop a moment, stranger,
Do not pass me by!
I was made to please you —
If you ask me why.

I have seen you bending
O'er the violet,
When the leaves were dripping,
When the grass was wet.

I have seen you stepping
By the wilding brook,
I have caught you idling
In a shaded nook.

Oh! You love the windflower!
  Pale anemone!
Bend you down, I pray you,
  Bend you down to me!

Just a fleck of beauty
  I am holding up,
Bend you down and see it
  In my tiny cup!

THE SONG OF THE FOUNTAIN

I COME from caverns cool,
From caverns far below,
I fall from pool to pool,
To the fields where grasses grow,
And I cross the dusty highway
Where people come and go.

No stain of earth I wear,
But, washed by crystal sand,
My tide is pure as air,
And I give my all to the land,
To flow'r and leaf and lips that thirst
My waters sweet and bland.

The ripe leaves laugh and fall,
And some fall on my breast —
The laughing leaves I love them all,
But the pale ones I love best —
To the leaves I softly murmur
And lull them to their rest.

The thrush, he hears me sing,
And in the bushes near
He folds his light brown wing
And carols sweet and clear,
Till we both forget ourselves in song
Among the shadows here.

After the arid days,
When falls the summer rain
And fields of wheat and maize
Lift up their heads again,
I feel the thrill of the swelling streams
In every hidden vein.

My brook can never forget
The fountain of its birth,
It keeps on babbling yet
With all its youthful mirth —
It foams and bubbles and fairer makes
This one bright strip of earth.

I hope that I may live
Forever to flash and flow,
To health and vigor give
To all who come and go —
To sing to the trees and bushes
And flow'rs that round me grow.

THE HILLS

I LOVE to climb the rugged hills,
The altitude my senses thrills,
A fine ethereal buoyancy
Of spirits comes again to me.

Up, up, by no sure paths I go,
Where ledges jut and briers grow,
Until I reach the summit, where
I breathe a fresh and quickened air.

Here then I calmly sit or stand
And look upon the broad green land,
Or prone upon my back I lie
And gaze into the depths of sky —
Those depths so luminous and clear —
Pure palpitating atmosphere.

I walk around, wide is the range,
And suddenly the views all change.
The villages, the checkered farms,
At every turn show fresher charms —
A king am I and I command
The best there is in all the land.

A WAYSIDE FLOWER

Ask not the wayside flower
  What mission it hath here,
That dar'st to bloom an hour
  In the slow fading year —
Here in the tangled grass,
Where few feet ever pass,
Half hidden by a stone
And all alone.

Enough that it hath met
  The eye of only one
Who may not quite forget
  For flowers that seek the sun —
Those fairer flowers of spring
And summer blossoming.
Why here? — small, pale and shy —
Nay, ask not why.

WHEN SOUTHWARD FLIES THE THRUSH

The birds are gathering for their flight —
The leaves are falling fast —
Some pass by day and some by night,
How few remain at last!
They built their nests in early May,
They sang through summer hours,
They brighter made each summer day
Among the leaves and flowers.

O we shall miss the bluebird's song,
The robin's in the rain;
For winter may be cold and long,
With frost upon the pane,
And in the bushes far and near
Will be a long, long hush,
A loss of songfulness to cheer,
When southward flies the thrush.

GRIEF IN NATURE

Can a flower of sorrow tell?
  Can a leaf feel one faint tremor?
Can a fount with sadness well?
  Is it fancy to a dreamer?
Is it felt by stem or blade
When their bloom begins to fade?

When the brook is running low,
  Pale and wan the last sweet roses,
Youth and spring forever go
  And the summer slowly closes,
Comes a season — Is it grief
That we find in flower and leaf?

THE HUMBLE BEE'S LONG SLEEP

" Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

EMERSON.

THROUGH the biting frost he sleeps,
Days and nights to him are one.
Locked in slumber deep he keeps,
Waking not at sight of sun.

On his cell may fall the snow,
Storms may rave and winds may cry,
Slumbering still he shall not know,
All will quickly pass him by.

In him is no moving breath.
Why it is he slumbers thus
With his pulse as still as death
Is to us mysterious.

Is he wiser yet than we
In his rest profound and deep?
We may suffer some, but he
Loses half his life in sleep.

THE FROZEN BROOK

THE stormy clouds have sprinkled
With snow the ice-bound brook,
That through the summer tinkled
And ran from nook to nook.

It darkened in deep places,
Half hidden from the sight,
And in the open spaces
It glistened in the light.

It mirrors now no longer
The cloudy skies or bright;
Its fetters grow still stronger
From wintry night to night:

Yet from the spring it gushes
As pure and crystalline,
As when the trees and bushes
And grassy banks were green.

I hear it faintly murmur,
I hear it sing below;
It has the heart of summer,
Though under frost and snow.

V

HIS LAST LYRIC

He stood above the ashes
  That lay upon life's hearth
And bade farewell to singing,
  To passion and to mirth,
When suddenly an ember
  Sent up a thread of flame
That fired with song his spirit
  And gave him deathless fame.

TO-MORROW

To-morrow I shall greet the world
Just as I did this morning;
The earth with dew will be impearled
For nothing breathes forewarning.

I shall be glad to see the sky
With all its vap'rous changes —
To-morrow? Do not ask me why,
Thought takes so many ranges.

There 's gladness in the vernal touch,
When everything is growing,
And in one day there is so much
That comes from years of sowing.

SUN DUST

Through the lofty forest trees
To the ground where shadows lie,
Falls a slanting beam of light —
In it atoms float and fly.

Whence these myriad motes of dust?
Minute specks perhaps that are,
Though within our atmosphere,
Wanderers from realms afar.

Here I smell the dust of years
In a single breath of mine,
Mingled with the smell of flow'rs
And the odor of the vine.

THE TRUTH OF IT'S OLD

THERE is nothing quite motionless here,
  Onward, still onward, and I
Go with the full-measured year
  That never goes by.
Change, it is change and decay:
  Aye! I may think it is slow
Unto the twilight's deep gray—
  But is it so?

Moving, I move with all things,
  Never I stand quite alone;
Frail as the frailest that clings
  Or ever was known.
Vain to implore or to cry,
  In vain to strive or to hold,
There is nothing that passes me by—
  And the truth of it's old.

THE BIRTH OF A THOUGHT

In an instant I came,
I know not from where,
From water, or flame,
From earth, or from air,
From element one,
Or from elements four,
How life was begun;
It was never before.

I flew from the brain,
I flew from the lip,
To always maintain
With the world fellowship;
To hasten along
Far fleeter than bird;
To be heard in a song,
To be told in a word.

I have come to my own,
I shall gather it in

In whatever zone
I choose to begin,
For strong is my hand
And wide is my range;
I am born to command
And I never can change.

TO A MODERN RHŒCUS

When seated at the festal board,
Where all is warm and bright,
Scorn not the bee that leaves its hoard
And seeks the festal light;
That messenger, the golden bee,
Whose warning kindly brings
Remembrance from afar to thee —
Bruise not, nor break its wings!

In games where youths their prowess try
Or routs where beauty smiles,
Where elfin minutes quickly fly
And everything beguiles,
Lose not thy clear, firm poise of mind,
Thy heart to foolish things,
Or else, perhaps too late, thou 'lt find
Thy bee hath lost its wings.

M'LEU

Little M'leu came over the sea
In a shallop silvery white,
Little M'leu came over to me
In a single day and night,
And I think of it now as I think of a dream
'Twixt the darkness and the light.

Her hair has turned to a golden brown —
It was lighter when she came —
And she could not say, or she would not say,
To any one here her name;
But little things slipped into her speech
And pleased us just the same.

Perhaps there were angels in that land
Who set her adrift to me,
Where the shore is sweet with heavenly bloom,
Beside that wonderful sea,
And they must have laid her in her boat
Of all things tenderly.

Did she know to whom her shallop would sail ?
Did she care ? Or long to come ?
Did she fear the sea ? Oh what if a gale
Had broken her boat in twain,
And into that sea she had quickly sunk
Never to rise again !

The wind from the South is in her hair,
And upon her cheeks the sun,
And her brow is like a lily fair,
When there is only one.
Aye, fair is she as the flow'rs that bloom,
Where the crystal waters run.

TINY TIM

"A Christmas Carol"
DICKENS.

THE lights are bright in cot and hall,
The tables now are spread,
May joy come back to one and all,
While angels watch o'erhead.
Draw closer, friends, for one guest more
From out the shadows dim,
Who comes as once he came before —
'T is little Tiny Tim.

Again the Merry Christmas bells
Ring out above the snow,
The echo of their music tells
That hearts are all aglow
And here within "good will to all" —
So reads the Christmas hymn —
There's happiness for great and small,
Remembering Tiny Tim.

God bless the little bending brow
  Who here again appears!
He's sitting at the table now
  From out the bygone years
And brothers think once more of Him
  Who sent to earth his son,
And say the prayer with Tiny Tim:
  "God bless us every one!"

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THERE 's a tree that grows in the winter time,
'T is full of color and light;
It always glistens with sugary rime
And it grows in a single night;
Its leaves are green and the fruitage clings,
Wherever the twigs appear,
For the fairies fasten it on with strings
And the sight is a sight to cheer.

When first it sprouted, the germs were kept
To be sown, when Christmas came;
They planted them, while the children slept,
By the yule log's ruddy flame;
But now they are scattered and now they grow,
Wherever the earth is green,
Wherever the winds bring frost or snow
And the Christ-child once hath been.

It looks as it stands like a forest fir,
A child of the primitive wood;

It points to the stars as a worshiper
Of the Christ-child kind and good;
Its bloom is sweet and its leaves are life;
It stands for a joyful sign
That under its boughs shall be no strife,
But a love that is love divine.

And the bells ring out from the high old spires,
The lights in the windows gleam,
The air is warm with the Christmas fires,
Till it seems like a beautiful dream,
For the carols chime, while the children wait,
Till the fruit begins to fall,
And the angels come as the hours grow late
To breathe good will to all.

Now God be praised for the Christmas-tide!
May it bring to you and me,
While the gates of heaven are open wide,
A Christ-like charity!
And forevermore, on earth for all,
May this glorious tree stay green
And a blessed peace to great and small,
Wherever its boughs are seen!

KATHLEEN

'T WAS just before the roses came
We met, Kathleen and I,
I never can forget the day
Until I come to die:
The golden sunlight fell between —
Kathleen, my dear Kathleen!

The roses bloomed another year,
The roses bloomed again;
A change came o'er my happy dream,
Love's dream, a change, and then
A little shadow fell between —
Kathleen, my dear Kathleen!

To-day the dear sweet roses bloom,
I watch them year by year;
How bright the roses in my dream!
But now a sigh, a tear:
The lights and shadows fall between —
Good-bye, good-bye, Kathleen.

AN AGED MINSTREL

Memory now clips Fancy's wings,
Of the past our graybeard sings;
Cracked his lute and thin his voice —
Ah, for him there is no choice.

Pardon! Tears are in his song
And he trembles at the touch,
When his fingers run along
O'er the chords he loves so much.

Nay, let Age with lute new-strung
Sing his songs though slowly sung —
In his quavering melodies
Some few staves, perhaps, may please.

Youth and rapture! It was there
All things were that seem most fair,
Eyes to see and heart to feel,
What was new and fresh and real.

When our graybeard bows his head,
Fate will cut the fragile thread —
After mystery and pain
Youth, perhaps, will come again.

MY NATIVE TOWN

I

SMALL is the town and changed. Yes, changed.
But not the change of slow decay —
My heart has never felt estranged,
Nor time can take my dreams away.

The pleasant hills, the pastures deep,
The Sabbath stillness, twilight air,
The sunlit valley, half asleep,
Can never seem to me less fair.

Tho' absent long, I feel the spell
Of those dear days come back to me —
Of those I knew and loved so well,
Forgotten? No, that cannot be!

Some sleep at home beneath the green,
And others rest far, far away,
But mem'ry oft brings back the scene
And bids them for the moment stay.

How much I owe to that dear town,
  Whose fine ideals are nobly wrought,
Whose stately halls the hillsides crown,
  Whose tempered life is given to thought!

Once more I hear the chapel bell,
  That thro' the quiet woodland rang.
The solemn hush that softly fell,
  The lesson read, the choir that sang.

O brothers, in that silent land,
  When I shall cross the ford between,
I pray you take me by the hand,
  Remembering still what once hath been!

MY NATIVE TOWN

II

When last I saw my native town,
How few the forms I knew!
The pleasant streets were thronged with strangers;
Not strange I lonelier grew.

Death laid his hand upon the strong,
Those foremost in youth's games,
And now upon the granite graven
I read their well-known names.

Something revitalizes youth
And glorifies the past,
Among those scenes we love to linger —
Our first dreams are our last.

IN REMEMBRANCE

How fresh, how bright, the earth to-day!
O blessed Spring! Again we see
The crocus from its sleep set free,
Now while the last snow fades away;
These unto him their tribute pay
Who nevermore on earth shall be
To know our love's sincerity,
That cannot with all things decay.

Our thoughts are wanderers; they go
In search of him through rain and snow,
As we our loss in tears regret —
He cannot with the crocus rise,
Nor later, when the April skies
Awake the sweet-breathed violet.

THE BRIDGE OF DREAMS

Frailest of all things I know
And a breath would seem to break it,
Yet it spans the gulf below,
While the winds from ghostland shake it,
And the ghosts of grief and pain
Come and go and come again.

Now and then some fragments fall,
As they did in years departed,
Slipping from the roseate wall —
More since youth when careless hearted —
Sprays of bloom that could not hold
And a hundred things untold.

Oh, the pictures aeriform —
Pictures that are sweet and tender;
Others tell of stress and storm,
Others thrill the soul with splendor:
How impalpable are they
On the azure or the gray!

Aye, I see the whole round world
And that mighty shadow creeping
With its edges dew-impearled,
With the soft light near it keeping,
Where the twilight 's never gone,
Where there follows endless dawn.

And I dream of faultless song
And I dream of fadeless flowers,
Fairer than to earth belong,
Sweeter than this bloom of ours,
Where no blight can ever be,
Tone and theme in harmony.

Where, ah where, the bards of old —
They, who sang in golden numbers?
Do they harps diviner hold?
Have they wakened from their slumbers?
Shall we meet them some bright day
In Elysium far away?

And I saw nine maidens fair,
Full of meaning were their faces,
Glints of gold fell on their hair,
All were gentle, gentle Graces, —
They who walk among the flowers
Followed by the sunny hours.

Once I heard a lute's sweet string
In the morning's softened brightness,
Lips immortal seemed to sing
To a sweep of chords whose lightness
Was beyond the reach of death,
For the song was Love's own breath.

And the years with noiseless tread,
Never for a moment waiting,
Marching 'twixt the quick and dead,
Neither loving neither hating,
Unto all alike they seem,
Never halting for a dream.

Harp or lute or golden lyre!—
Was it Lyra's "star-chords seven,"
Trembling with some new desire,
In the star-besprinkled heaven,
That I heard with strange delight,
Looking upward thro' the night?

Strive no longer, ancient Pain!
Care and Grief wait for the morrow!
All your striving is in vain,
Time shall ease each passing sorrow;
In the grayest some bright gleams
Fall upon the bridge of dreams.

AT MORN

At morn, when flowers are fresh and sweet
  And azure skies are deep and clear,
  With hopeful hearts that feel no fear
And eager steps the world we meet.

We have not felt the noon-day heat,
  Nor seen the twilight of life's year —
  The fallen leaf lie dead and sear —
Ah no! Our steps are strong and fleet
    At morn.

AT NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT! The hour is growing late.
Along the hall from stair to stair,
We go our way to enter where
Relief from weariness doth wait.

All earthly sorrows now abate.
Farewell to every cark or care.
What if no sprig of bay we wear,
We rest contented with our fate.
Good-night!

THE END

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